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OLD MAID.

Upon opening the will, I found myself master of a fortune of upwards of eighteen hundred a year, with five thousand pounds to be disposed of, in ready money, according to my wishes and desires. I determined, therefore, to establish a school for fifteen boys, upon the same plan as that she had formed for the other sex; and I trust that, by strict attention to economy, the same degree of success will attend my plan. Never shall I forget the heart-felt sorrow which every individual displayed at her death; and on the day of the funeral, the objects of her benevolence all assembled to attend their beloved benefactress to the grave. The solemn sound of the curfew, united to the sable appearance of the surrounding multitude, excited indescribable emotions in my mind; and whilst they were making the necessary arrangements for the funeral, I retired to my chamber, and wrote the following lines:

What means that solemn awful sound,
That vibrates through my breast?
What means that sable thronging crowd,
In Grief's apparel drest?

Behold the widow's pallid cheek
Again suffus'd in tears;
Behold the aged and the weak,
Oppress'd by grief and years!

And view the helpless infant throng,
Once nurtur'd by her care,
With mournful steps proceed along,
The victims of despair!

Well may the tears of sorrow rise,
Well may all ages weep;
For Darlington has sought the skies....
The virtuous....and the meek!

Deign to look down upon thy son,
Thy own adopted child;
Teach him to do as thou hast done,
And purify his mind.

Yes, sainted spirit....by thy worth,
And virtues I declare,
That all the wretched sons of earth
Shall be my daily care.

That charity which thou displayed,
By me shall be supply'd;
And that benevolence, which said,
"Sustain the wretched child,"
Shall regulate each vicious thought,
That leads to weak expence;
And by thy pattern I'll be taught
Both purity and sense.

C. D.

Agonized as my mind was by the affecting objects which surrounded me, it seemed to obtain relief by the exertion of writing these lines; and I prepared to pay the last sad office of respect to a being, who had studied the present and future happiness of my life. She had desired that her funeral might be conducted with the utmost privacy; but all the objects of her benevolence requested to attend; and I could not refuse them the mournful pleasure of evincing their gratitude, and following their beloved benefactress to the grave. A more impressive sight never was witnessed; for I may literally say, that the path from her house to the church was watered with tears; and the children, in particular, excited my sensibility; for they had not acquired the art of setting bounds to their grief. An anthem had been composed from "*I know that my Redeemer liveth*," which these innocent objects of her charity were to have sang; but their lips quivered, their agitation became violent, and with one voice they exclaimed, "We cannot go on."

If the prejudice which was excited in my infant bosom against the respectable character of an Old Maid, should in any degree influence the minds of others, I think it must be eradicated by perusing this simple unvarnished tale; for where can we find a wife or a mother more truly estimable than Mrs. D——?

ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY.

JEMIMA WILKINSON,

A native of Rhodeisland, whose parents were of the society of Friends, and she for some time manifested a zeal for their principles; but at length she facied that she was called to act some good and extraordinary part, and in this persuasion formed the project of becoming the leader of a sect. In the course of a long and dangerous illness, she was suddenly seized with a lethargy, so that to her friends she appeared as really dead. She continued several hours in this situation; and preparations were actually making for her interment, when she suddenly started up, and called for her clothes, declaring "that she had risen from the dead, and that she had cast off all her material substance, and retained only the spiritual." She went accordingly to the next meeting, as if with the authority of some celestial being, spoke there as one inspired, and gained some followers. She soon made some proselytes, and at the same time drew upon herself the displeasure of all who adhered to the established principles of the religion of the Friends. She experienced, therefore a very unfavorable reception for herself and doctrines, both in Philadelphia and New-York.—Wherever she came every quaker turned away from her with abhorrence, as the enemy of his religion; and all other persons deemed her a fool or an enthusiast. This disposition of the public she again called a persecution, it being favorable to her ultimate views. The number of her followers was now daily increasing; and as she confidently trusted it would become still more considerable, she thought they might, perhaps, be willing to follow her. Accordingly, she proposed to a number of them to flee from these regions of intolerance, and to settle in a place where they might worship God undisturbed, and free from that bitter spirit of persecution which men had introduced in opposition to the divine will. Soon after, the country about Lake Seneca, and Crooked Lake, was fixed upon as the place of their settlement. The company of New-York which had purchased this land from the Indians, entered into a treaty for the sale of it with these deluded people. They were promised three tracts of land, containing each six thousand square acres, and which were to form three districts, and to which Jemima instantly gave the name of Jerusalem. Thirty families removed hither with her; but she had confidently expected three or four hundred more, of whom however, not above twenty at last arrived. This society soon spread over the three districts, which it was to occupy; but

was not sufficiently numerous to replenish the fourth part of each. The enchantment, however, had already been broken by Jemima's absence, and with it had also vanished their zeal for peopling this new land of promise. "We saw Jemima (says the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt) and attended her meeting, which is held in her own house. We found there about thirty persons, men, women and children. Jemima stood at the door of her bed chamber, on a carpet, with an arm chair behind her. She had on a white morning gown, and waistcoat, such as men wear, and a petticoat of the same color. Her black hair was cut short, carefully combed, and divided behind into three ringlets; she wore a stock, and white silk cravat, which was tied about her neck with affected negligence. In point of delivery, she preached with more ease than any other quaker I have yet heard; but the subject matter of her discourse was an eternal repetition of the same topics—death, sin, and repentance. She is said to be about forty years of age, but she did not appear to be more than thirty. She is of a middle stature, well made, of a florid countenance, and has fine teeth, and beautiful eyes. Her action is studied; she aims at simplicity, but there is somewhat pedantic in her manner. In her chamber we found her friend Rachel Miller, a young woman about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, her follower and admirer, who is entirely devoted to her. All the land which Jemima possesses is purchased in the name of Rachel Miller, an advantage she owes to her influence over her adherents, and to her dexterity in captivating their affections. Jemima, or *the Friend* (as she is called by way of eminence) inculcates, as her leading tenet, poverty and resignation of all earthly possessions. If you talk to her of her house, she always calls it "the house which I inhabit." This house, however, though built only of the trunks of trees, is extremely pretty and commodious. Her room is exquisitely neat, and resembles more the *boudoir* of a fine lady, than the cell of a nun. It contains a looking-glass, a clock, and an arm chair, a good bed, a warming pan, and a silver saucer. Her garden is kept in good order; her spring house is full of milk, cheese, butter, butcher's meat, and game. Her hypocrisy may be traced in all her discourses, actions and conduct, and even in the very manner in which she manages her countenance. She seldom speaks without quoting the Bible, or introducing a serious sentence about death, and the necessity of making our peace with God. Whatever does not belong to her own sect, is with her an object of distaste and steadfast aversion. She sows dissentions in families, to deprive the lawful heir of his right of inheritance, in order to appropriate it to herself; and all this she does under the name and by the agency of her companion, who receives all the presents brought by the faithful, and preserves them for her reverend friend, who, being wholly absorbed in her communion with Christ, whose prophetess she is, would absolutely forget the supply of her bodily wants, if she were not well taken care of. The number of her votaries has, of late, much decreased. Many of the families who followed her to Jerusalem, are no longer the dupes of her self interested policy. Some still keep up the outward appearance of attachment to her; while others have openly disclaimed their connexion with Jemima. Such, however, as still continue her adherents, appear to be entirely devoted to her. With these she passes for a prophetess, an indescribable being; she is not Jemima Wilkinson, but a spirit of a peculiar name, which remains a profound secret to all, who are not true believers; she is the friend, the all friend. Six or seven girls of different ages, but all young and handsome, wait upon her, with surprising emulation, to enjoy the peculiar satisfaction of being permitted to approach this celestial being. Her fields and her garden are ploughed and dug by the friends, who neglect their own business to take care of her's; and the all-friend is so condescending, as not to refuse her services; she comforts them with a kind word now and then, makes inquiries after and provides for their health and welfare, and has the art of effectually captivating their affections, the more, perhaps, because she knows how to keep her votaries at a respectful distance. When the service was over, Jemima invited us to dinner. The hope of watching her more narrowly induced us to accept the invitation; but we did not then know, that it forms a part of the character she acts, never to eat with any one. She soon left us; and locking herself up with her female friend, sat down without other company, to an excellent dinner; we did not get our's till after she had dined. When our dinner was over, and also another which was served up after our's, the sanctuary was opened again.

(to be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS.

Any young physician who wishes to come into practice very speedily, should always set out with a new theory. If he could attempt to prove that the blood does *not* circulate, he would be certainly a made man. He should make too, some wonderful discovery in some little matter of diet; for instance, he should attack the wholesomeness of salt, of bread, or of the inside of a sirloin of beef, in preference to the outside. He should attempt something singular in his manner; he may be either very brutal or very polished, as he pleases. Ratcliffe told Mead one day, on the latter's starting for practice, "There are two ways, my boy, for a physician to treat his patients; either to bully or to cajole them; I have taken the first, and done very well, as you see; you may take the latter, and perhaps do as well."

Skill in pursuits not very consonant to medical ones, now and then, has a great effect in procuring practice; it has been found to have been of great use to affect fox-hunting, gallantry, &c. Singularity is what affects the general run of mankind with wonder, and from wonder to admiration, the transition is obvious. A physician too should never affect ignorance of the cause of any complaint; he should even place it in the pancreas, or the pineal gland, if he has no other place ready for it. He must always be ready with an answer to every question that a lady puts to him; the odds are that she will be satisfied with it; he must not care whether there be or be not a possible solution of it. I remember hearing a lady ask her apothecary, from what substance castor oil (the oleum palmæ Christi) was made; he, unembarrassed, said, it was made from the beaver: I did not expose his ignorance, but desired his partner to advise him to be more cautious another time. A lady was one day very anxious to know how long she should be ill.---- "Madam," replied the physician, "that depends on the *duration* of the disease." "Much obliged to you, Doctor, for your information," was the lady's wise answer.

A physician should never neglect to take his fee. It is astonishing how the *aurum solidum* quickens his faculties, and sets them to work with double effect. A celebrated physician at Bath, lately deceased, upon not finding himself better for his own prescriptions, said laughing-

ly to a friend one day, "Come, I think I will give myself a fee, I am sure I shall do better then." The Doctor put his hand with great solemnity into his pocket, and passed over a guinea to the other hand; this had the desired effect. The same physician, on receiving the last fee he took in this world, a few days before he died, said, holding it up, with streaming eyes, to a friend that was near him, "*Ultimus Romanorum*, my good friend." The late Doctor Ward used to call physicians "the scavengers of the human race," and so indeed they are, when they condescend to visit a dram-drinking woman, or a crapulous man, with the apparent attention with which they visit a person in a pleurisy or a putrid fever. A late physician of Bath, (who was a fine gentleman, as well as a good scholar and eminent physician) when sent for to a patient who indulged himself in strong drink, used to enquire of what particular liquor he was fond, and to make him drink it, well diluted with water, after he had given him a pretty strong vomit; this, of course, rather indisposed the patient against his beloved potation for some time. Dr. Ratcliffe, who indulged himself not unfrequently with a bottle or two of claret, was once called in to a lady who had the same propensity, but was drunk. The Doctor, who was in the same situation himself, but who little dreamt of the lady's condition, approached the bed-side, and finding himself unable to feel her pulse, stammered out, (speaking of himself) "very drunk indeed!" The lady's maid, who was present, thinking the Doctor had said this of her lady, whispered him, "indeed, Sir, you have hit upon my mistress' disorder; she is apt, now and then, to take a little too much wine." The Doctor now had his cue, prescribed as well as he could to her particular complaint some emetic tartar and warm water, and bustled out of the room as well as he could.

A very singular story is told of this celebrated practitioner. He used to go to some coffee-house in the city, where he gave his advice gratis, or for half a fee. A celebrated miser, who lived near London, to save his money, presented himself before him in a shabby coat, and with a pretty nosegay, which he gave to the Doctor, (who was very fond of flowers) telling him that he was a poor man, and had nothing better to give him for his advice. The sagacious physician, who knew him through all his disguise, asked him if he did not live near Chelsea, and if he had ever seen Mr. ——, (the disguised gentleman's real name.) On his telling him that he knew him very well------"Well, then," added he, "when you see him, give my compliments to him, and tell him that Old Nick will have him ere three weeks are past." The person went home, and, as the story goes, died within the time, to complete his friend's prediction.

To some court lady, who was much oppressed with a nervous complaint, then called vapours, who asked him what she was to do to get rid of them, he said, "Your Grace must either eat and drink less, take exercise, take physic, or be sick."

A physician, if he happens to be sent for by a nobleman, or a lady of quality, should never cease telling his poor plebian patients of his being called in by a person of that rank. He should tell his wondering patients of the compliments that were paid him on his skill by this very discerning person, and should mix up some anecdotes of the great family for his patients with as much nicety as he would compose a box of pills. It has oftentimes been of use to a physician to give good dinners and suppers, and card-parties, and balls at his house; the allure of good cheer and amusement is very often as good a bait for a patient as a May-fly is for a trout. If, however, he wants immediate practice, and does not very much care whether it is continued or not, a pamphlet attacking some ancient axiom in medicine or in diet, or the mere dressing up old doctrines in a new manner, and in a new stile, will do extremely well.

A celebrated brochure upon health, written some years ago, brought into its author's pocket in three months only, one thousand guineas;-------the Doctor, however, made a full stop there; and an excellent physician at Bath, (then the father of the waters) said, that in consequence of the excessive temperance into which many foolish persons had too suddenly thrown themselves from the contrary extreme, the salutary springs over which he presided, were, in the year in which this pamphlet came out, more frequented than he had ever known them. So wonderfully sagacious is crude and inexperimental theory, and so fatal at last to the Doctor, as well as to his patient.

With Eton and Westminster, and classical persons, the idea of a physician's being a good scholar, has great weight; as if the putting together with difficulty, in a particular language, what is perhaps not worth telling in any, displayed much strength of thinking, or acuteness of mind. That is, however, thought of so much consequence, by some physicians in England, long after they have quitted their classical pursuits, that they pay some indigent scholar to put their thoughts into elegant Latin for them.

So much for the arts, not the *art* of physic!-----that art, so complicated, so difficult, so honorable, when practised with skill and integrity, that the rant of Pliny respecting it is hardly hyperbolical, "Diis primum inventores fuos assignavit medicina *cæloque* dicavit."—And according to Rhasis, (to whom as a professor some allowance might be made when he speaks of his art) "Medicina tota est *Dei*, and est res venarabilissima."

THE UNWORTHINESS OF MAN.

In the sacred volume we are throughout reminded, that we are originally the creatures of God's formation, and continual dependants on his bounty. There too we learn the painful lesson of man's degradation and unworthiness. We learn that humiliation and contrition are the tempers of mind best suited to our fallen condition, and most acceptable in the sight of our Creator. We learn that these (to the repression and extinction of that spirit of arrogance and self-importance, so natural to the heart of man) it should be our habitual care to cherish and cultivate; studiously maintaining a continual sense, that, not only for all the natural advantages over others which we may possess, but that for all our moral superiority also, we are altogether indebted to the unmerited goodness of God. It might perhaps be said to be the great end and purpose of all revelation, and especially to be the design of the Gospel, to reclaim us from our natural pride and selfishness, and their fatal consequences; to bring us to a just sense of our weakness and depravity; and to dispose us, with unfeigned humiliation, to abase ourselves and give glory to God. "No flesh may glory in his presence; he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord"—"The lofty looks of man shall be humbled, and the haughtiness of man shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted."

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

MARRIED,

On the first instant, General PHILEMON DICKINSON, of New-Jersey, to Miss REBECCA CADWALLADER, of Philadelphia.

On the third instant, JOHN FLANAGON, to JANE PLOTT, both of this city.

THE DEAD BEGGAR.—An Elegy.

Written in the Church-Yard at Brighthelmetone, on seeing the Funeral of a Pauper, who perished for want.

.....

Swells then thy feeling heart, and streams thine eye
O'er the deserted being poor and old,
Whom cold, reluctant, parish charity
Consigns to mingle with his kindred mould?

Mourn'st thou, that here the time-worn sufferer ends
Those evil days that promis'd woes to come,
Here, where the friendless feel no want of friends,
Where e'en the houseless wanderer finds a home!

What though no kindred crowd in sable forth
And sigh, or seem to sigh, around the bier?
Though o'er his coffin, with the humid earth
No children drop the unavailing tear:

Rather rejoice, that HERE his sorrows cease,
When sickness, age, and poverty oppress'd;
Where death, the leveller—restores to peace
The wretch, who, living, knew not where to rest.

Ah! think that this poor outcast, spurn'd by fate,
Who a long race of pain and sorrow ran,
Is in the grave, even as the rich and great,
Death vindicates th' *insulted rights of man.*

Rejoice! that though severe his earthly doom,
Tho' rude, and strewn with thorns, the path he trod,
Now, where unfeeling fortune cannot come,
He rests upon "the bosom of his God!

FOR THE WEEKLY MONITOR.

STANZAS,

On the unfortunate Emigrants from Cape-Francois.

.....

Ye generous souls, who feel for others' grief,
Who for misfortunes heave the heavy sigh,
Who, with a willing hand, impart relief,
And view their servants with a tearful eye.

Oh! list, indulgent, to the woe-fraught tale!
See what a group of hapless wights appear!
Hear thousands their unhappy fate bewail!
And giv'n to all the frenzy of despair!

By savage hands, depriv'd of Fortune's smile,
By savage hands, bereft of friends and home;
Where's now the joy that could their hours beguie?
Where's now the friends they fondly call'd their own?

Methinks I hear the woe-impassion'd strain,
The voice of anguish, in the cloudy hour,
That calls for succor—but they call in vain!
The sanguine savage glories in his pow'r!

The tender offspring, and the aged sire,
The spotless virgin, and the matron grave;
All feel alike his dread ferocious ire!
Nor pray'rs, nor tears, the wretched victim save!

Haply, some few, led by a fate more kind,
Hid from the scene suffus'd with human gore,
Heav'd the deep sigh on all they left behind,
And landed—helpless—on Columbia's shore.

Oh! may the heart of charity expand,
Oh! may it now the grateful boon bestow;
So shall the exile bless the happy land,
That cheer'd a heart oppress'd with many a woe.

A.

"HEAVEN's LAST BEST GIFT."

Milton.

Grant me, kind Heav'n! the Nymph still form'd to please,
Impassionate as infants, when at ease;
Fair as the op'ning rose, her person small,
Artless as parent Eve, before her fall:
Courteous as angels, unreserv'dly kind,
Of modest carriage, and the chastest mind;
Her temper sweet, her conversation keen;
Not wildly gay, but soberly serene;
Not talkative, or apt to take offence,
With female softness join'd to manly sense;
Her dress and language elegantly plain,
Not sluttish, forward, prodigal, or vain;
Not proud of beauty, nor elate with praise;
Not fond to govern; but by choice obeys;
True to my arms in body, and in soul,
As the touch'd needle to the attractive pole.

Caution oppos'd to charms like these, were vain,
And man would glory in the silken chain;
Unlike the sensual wish that burns and stains;
But where the purest admiration reigns!
Give me—O! give me! such superior love,
Before the nectar of the gods above;
Then time on downy wings should steal away,
And Love still be the business of the day.
While sporting flocks in fond rotation court,
And to the thicket pair by pair resort;
While tuneful birds in tender murmurs plead,
Chanting their amorous carols thro' the mead;
Link'd arm in arm, we'd search the twilight grove,
Where all inspires with harmony and love.
Ye boughs your friendly umbrage wide extend!
Guard from rude eyes, and from the sun defend:
Ye wanton gales, pant gently on my Fair,
Thou love-inspiring Goddess—meet us there!

P.

The following translation of a Latin Hymn, composed by the famous Missionary Francis Xavier, was done, it is said, by the celebrated Pope; but is not to be found in the works of that great poet.

Thou art my God, sole object of my love;
Not for the hope of endless joys above;
Not for the fear of endless pains below,
Which they who love thee not must undergo;
For me, and such as me, thou'deign'st to bear
An ignominious cross—the nails, the spear:
A thorny crown transpierc'd thy sacred brow,
While bloody sweats from ev'ry member flow.
For me, in tortures, thou resign'd'st thy breath,
Embrac'd me on the cross, and sav'd me by thy death.
And can these suff'rings fail my heart to move?
What but thyself can now deserve my love?
Such as then was, and is, thy love to me;
Such is, and shall be still, my love to thee:—
To thee, Redeemer! mercy's sacred spring!
My God, my Father, Maker, and my King!

SONNET.

THE ASSIGNATION.

Hark! 'twas the bell's shrill sound that struck my ear!
The hour is come that brings her to my arms,
Array'd in all fair Nature's lovliest charms;
Sweet as the flow'rs that grace the vernal year.
Oft has this spot been witness to my bliss;
Here oft, at eve, her trembling hand I've prest,
Whilst fondly leaning on my panting breast,
She breath'd her vow; and seal'd it with a kiss.
Whilst to my ear her love she deign'st t'impart;
The breeze or rustling leaf creates alarms!
She starts and trembles in my circling arms;
And strains her beauties closer to my heart.
She comes:—and to her ardent lover flies—
Grace in her steps—love sparkling in her eyes.

SONNET,

Written on seeing some school-boys returning from school.

BY MR. HACKEET.

Ah! happy creatures! I could once, like you,
With jocund spirits, sound the echoing horn;
When life appear'd Elysium to my view,
And seem'd as tranquil as the rosy morn:
Like you, I've hail'd the transitory day;
When freedom led me from the fetter'd school,
Mounted the coach that hurried me away
From breezes gentle as Antonio's rule!*
Ah! mem'ry! cease to pierce me with thy pains;
Nor trace the images, alas! no more!
Nor sadly tell me that *the grave* retains
The friend who press'd me at the welcome door;
When from my play-mates I had bade farewell—
And reach'd the mansion that I lov'd too well.

Written extempore on a collection of bad

EPIGRAMS.

Since Epigrams all think some point should contain
Or have to that name no pretence;
The author of these, marks some points very plain;
That he has neither genius or sense.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

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* The author's school-master.